

Everton Blender

"Call of Da Wild"

Visit "[Call of Da Wild](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Dre]

I'll be comin around the ghetto when I come kickin one
for the treble
Y'all can't stoop to my level, I'm like the devil or
whatever
I'm pickin up and throwin 'em down like dishes
Call me Kenny Anderson cuz I slam those Southern
bitches
I ain't braggin, folks draggin me up and down the road
To be fucked up when I gets into my clownin mode
Then go to clown up on they ass like Bozo
Oh no, then dance on top of they asses like I was Jo Jo
Dancer
Come Comet, come Dasher, come Prancer
Come niggaz with machine guns, I think that is the
answer
But the question 'Should we take that bullshit from
them people?'
I'm makin 300 on my SAT and I am equal
Ain't no sequel, no saga, no way out, I'm nervous
I've had it up to fo'head of niggaz tryin to serve us
To graduate is really becomin a very stressful journey
I feel like a steering wheel, for them is tryin to turn me
Into a hate monger, and I'm wishin and I wonder
Damn, will I graduate before I hit the summer
I think not, Officer Friendly tryin to dig up in me
He said I'm half assed and got no future
And so he sent me up the creek and shit
Strokin like hell without no paddle
But niggaz is gettin smart, we back on the saddle
No longer, y'all know y'all had us down for some years
It's the call of da wild nigga, uh, there it is

Chorus: Cee-Lo

I hear voices in my head and they keep callin me
(repeat 4X)

[T-Mo]

As I step, the stage is empty
No words as I serve with my Southern dialect, so I get

respect

Don't call me T, it's a T thang with a G swang
Let my nuts hang down to the flo' main
Smokin that dang dang, makin mics swang
In my 2-8-0 Z, nobody can see me
Cruisin down the block, just like I was a squirrel
In a world full of nuts, damn
I'd probably be mad even if I called him Uncle Sam
So bring dough to the Goodie Mo-B
T-Mo, Khujo, Cee-Lo, J and my homie rather be
Don't flex on next, I break necks too
Rollin with Outkast, PA, Goodie Mob for the 94
Ha-ha-ha
Yeah, you know what I'm sayin?

chorus:

[Big Boi]

Yeah, I'm steady buckin muthafuckas
Not duckin 'em like the goose, I'm heavily strapped,
yeah niggaz
Squeezin rhymes like that noose around your neck
You can't hang with this, see ain't no thangs to this
I show no pity so take off because I'm dangerous
I breaks 'em off like I was Beat Street, see I be breakin
Speakin of breakin, break on how to get your life taken,
boy
Fuckin around with me will get your cabbage cut, your
wig split
Simply means I'm bringin the funk with the hollow tips
Playa shit is how I'm kickin it
Comin around the ghetto, victims soft as a tack on a
jackass
So fuck it or flip it, I'll still be a playa
Puffy afro with nigga naps off in my hair
Shit, that's quickly how I run my shit and that's how it be
That nigga B-I-G B-O-I, that be me, ye
See I'm a playa, got my struggle on
Thinkin about the volume and thickness of my bankroll
You see that cash is in my shit like colon cancer
Even though I never smoke that shit like...yeah
I give a call of da wild to my niggaz around the projects
So don't flex or get served with a pop neck shit
OG, original gangsta, not quite
But maybe when I'm locked up, liftin weights, gettin
swole right
Life's a bitch with a G-string cuz these off in your ass
with it hey
So you can see who can really hang
But y'all don't wanna do nothin, y'all can go to hell
Ain't no playas in office cuz I'm locked off in a cell

So can you feel me, nigga

chorus:

[Khujo]

Khujo, comin in dope, bring it
I got more problems than the average Joe
So don't come 'round me with your flim flam, hot damn
It's a jack, top of the burbs, and my notebook is a bird
K's madness into cappin
Throwin to do more load, so my fire lookin through the
want ads
And only red hot, desire in your pot with somethin
wicked
But you can't feel it, stickin out your monkey ass
I could let shit rot in the past, now it's time to blast they
ass
Shhh...Mr. Knighton take off your hat
Can't even my wear my locs in
Demon eye scopin, oh my, peripheral vision got it
Made you go on your hoe's bar
Decisions, decisions to make, oops, here comes the
Goodie Mo crew
And they just might want to battle you
Out with the quickness
The price of livin is beginning to be a risky business
Unkay, Parkay.
How do you like the taste of hot butter meltin through
your biscuits?
This is your brain on drugs, this is your brain...
Don't cut niggaz I hang with before there were
apartments
In Chapel Forest, it's gettin horrid
The huntin child is on the prowl, yahhh!!!!
I let out a call to da wild
I let out a call to da wild

Visit [Everton Blender](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.